508 NAPOLEON'S INVASION. A Song for the Royal Cheshire Militia, Composed at Bexhill Camp in Sussex. By J. T. S.[tanley]. 4pp., folio, surmounted by "View of the Camp on Bexhill Common in 1794, of Pevensey-Bay where William the Conqueror landed, and of Beachy Head," engraved on copper by Thomas Bewick after a drawing by the author of the song; in fine uncut state, as issued, from the collection of the first Earl of Sheffield, who commanded a Legion of Sussex Volunteers. **£3 10 0** (1794)

*** An extremely rare piece, of which only a small number were privately printed. It is unknown to any of the authorities on Bewick, including Hugo. Along with it is the original autograph manuscript of a martial poem, "Addressed to the Volunteers of the North Pevensey Legion, August 8th, 1804," signed 'A Volunteer N. P. Legion,' who refers to being 'Still led by Sheffield's noble zeal.' This is undoubtedly unique.

VIEW of the Camp on BEXHILL COMMON *in 1794, of* PEVENSEY BAY *where* WILLIAM *the* CONQUEROR *landed, and of* BEACHY HEAD.

I T Stanley delin.

T Bewick Sculp.

A SONG, for the ROYAL CHESHIRE MILITIA,

Compoſed at Bexhill Camp, in Suſſex. by J. Tho. Stanley

I.

AWHILE, BROTHER SOLDIERS, attend;
Of the Life that we lead I will ſing:
We're *Militia Men*, call'd to defend
The Cauſe of our Country and King.
From the Plains of *lov'd Cheſhire* we come,
O'er England we wander away;
We follow the Beat of the Drum,
And, as order'd, we love to obey.

CHORUS.

For Cheſhire Men *ſtill are the ſame*
Their Fathers were, loyal *and* bold:
Chief of Men *they were call'd,—and the Name*
May we long be deſerving to hold.

II.

Sometimes, when we ſtop in the Towns,
Honeſt Friends and kind Welcome we find:
Sometimes, when encamp'd on the Downs,
We ~~And~~ liſten all Night to the Wind.
'Tis true, when the cold Autumn comes,
When the Rains pour, and loud blows the Wind,
We think of our far diſtant Homes,
And of *Sweethearts* and *Wives* left behind.

CHORUS.

But Cheſhire Men *ſtill are the ſame*
Their Fathers were, loyal *and* bold:
Chief of Men *they were call'd*,—*and the Name*
May we long be deſerving to hold.

III.

Yet to *Love* if our Hearts are betray'd,
To our Duties they doubly invite:
We think, that ſhould *France* dare *invade*,
'Tis *pro Aris et Focis*, we fight.
O think, what would *Engliſhmen* do,
Their *Hearths* and their *Altars* to ſave:
What our *Armies* have done where they go,
Thoſe *Armies* the French call'd *too brave*!

CHORUS.

And Cheſhire Men *ſtill are the ſame*
Their Fathers were, loyal *and* bold:
Chief of Men *they were call'd*,—*and the Name*
May we long be deſerving to hold.

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IV.

Our *Fleets* too, which rule o'er the Main,
See how they victorious return!
We envy the Laurels they gain,
But perhaps it may ſoon be our Turn.
Thoſe *Republicans* ſwore they would come,
And deſtroy both our *King* and our *Laws;*
But *Deſtruction* they'll find 'ere they've done,
If *England* be *true* to her Cauſe.

CHORUS.

Let Cheſhire Men *ſtill be the ſame*
Their Fathers were, loyal *and* bold:
Chief of Men *they were call'd,—and the Name*
May we long be deſerving to hold.

V.

If *England* but breathes the ſame Soul,
Which of old call'd her Sons to the Field,
When they ſought haughty *France* to controul;
Again to our Arms ſhe muſt yield.
We remember the Name that we bear,
What our Fathers have been in their Day,
When they march'd againſt France, what they were
Let *Creſſy* and *Agincourt* ſay!

CHORUS.

And Cheſhire Men *ſtill are the ſame*
Their Fathers were, loyal *and* bold:
Chief of Men *they were call'd,—and the Name*
May we long be deſerving to hold.

VI.

With *Senſe of our Duty*, like their's,
May we ſtill their Example purſue;
And may *Cheſhire*, as *Years follow Years*,
Poſſeſs Hearts as *honeſt* and *true*.
To UNION then fill the Glaſs high,
Victorious we long will remain;
To *Conqueſt* or *Death* we will fly,
Our *King* and our *Laws* to *maintain*.

CHORUS.

For Cheſhire Men *ſtill are the ſame*
Their Fathers were, loyal *and* bold:
Chief of Men *they were call'd*,—*and the Name*
May we long be deſerving to hold.

J. T. S.

September, 1794.

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Addressd. to the Volunteers of the North Pembroke Legion
Augst. 8th 1804.

Still still is danger threaten'd round,
Our comforts to cospoil;
Still French oppression waits to pour
Dire vengeance o'er our Isle.

Still coth our Country loudly call,
To aid her restless state
Still may the foe enraged come
And ruin be our fate.

And won't ye brother Soldiers fly,
When danger great appears
Won't ye refuse thy Country aid
And Britain see in tears?

Wont ye neglect our good old King,
And not his Throne defend
See too our Constitution fall
And not assistance lend?

Can't ye behold a Mothers fears,
Hear helpless infants cry;
Can't ye unmov'd see Britain's Fair,
Before you fall and die?

Can't ye regardless see the foe
Spread desolation round,
Our property our trade destroy
And barren make the Ground?

'Tis not for us to view such deeds
North Pembroke seeks to save
Old England from the plundering foe,
From misery and the Grave
Still led by Sheffield's noble zeal,
Thy efforts great extend;
And under Arms improvement gain.
Be steady and attend.

Nor let thy native ardor cool,
From trifling cause known,
But fool as Britons ought to fool
And Victory is our own.

A Johnston
N: P: Legion

JUN